Harry Crashed The Car

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10596867.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Abigail Hobbs, Abigail's boyfriend Harry
Additional Tags:	cookies au, Car Accidents, Teenage Drama, Mentions of blow jobs, parenting is hard
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Cookies - A Fluffy Hannigram AU, Part 11 of Tiger's Hannigram AU fics
Stats:	Published: 2017-04-11 Words: 731 Chapters: 1/1

Harry Crashed The Car

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Abigail’s all grown up and worrying her dads with inappropriate teenage shenanigans.

Notes

Feeling a bit down the last couple of days and doesn't help that I don't feel like I'm posting as prolifically as I used to. I'm still writing but nothing ready for posting yet - except this silly little edition to Cookies which I wrote ages ago and just hadn't posted. So I figured I would put it up. Hope people like it.

Will and Hannibal were relieved to see Abigail sat in the ER waiting room looking not especially injured. They had feared the worst when they got the call. Concern had given way to relief and then anger. Even so, Will dragged the teen immediately into a hug, before pulling back and looking her over to check she was ok. Hannibal was at her side, running a finger lightly over the paper stitches to her forehead. Inspecting them, their workmanship - enough to bring a smile to Will's face at the dork he had married.

"I'm ok!" She near whined as she brushed Hannibal off like an irritating bug. "I've been discharged, we can go home." She seemed grumpy, sullen and sort of awkward - more so than most days.

"What the hell happened?" Will asked looking intently at Abby, concern and anger returning along with something else - previously unacknowledged terror perhaps? He gripped her shoulder tight.

"Harry crashed the car." Abby said, looking small and wary.

"Well… yes, we know that." Will huffed.

"I'm not sure how happy we are for you to be in a car with someone who does not drive safely, Abigail." Hannibal took the bad cop stance as they had hammered out on the way to the hospital. Neither of them were too keen on Harry, but knew that trying to keep them apart would only make Abby pursue him more. She might be 18 but she was still their kid and neither of them wanted her to be getting serious with some idiot boy whilst she should be getting serious about going to college in a couple of months.

"It wasn't his fault." She blurted out and then went wide-eyed with regret.

"Ok…" Will cocked a brow. "Because…?" In all honesty, he was expecting something along the lines of loose dog in the road, but -

She looked between them with abject terror before clearly stiffening her resolve and snapping - "Because I was giving him a blow job and it distracted him."

The three other people in the waiting room looked around with a mixture of amusement and horror.

"Oh my god Abigail!" Will near shouted as he clapped a hand over his eyes and dragged it down to his mouth, as much at the revelation as the act itself. The idea of his little girl being sexually active was not something he was ready to deal with. And yet the farcical situation they now found themselves in was many levels of amusing - in a horrific sort of way.

She brushed his remaining hand off her shoulder. "It's the most natural thing in the world dad!" She responded defiantly before either could offer more admonishment. Her face was burning red.

"Abigail, if that were true it would be how babies are made!" Will broke into laughter as he said it. Grown up enough to do… that! But still needed to pay attention in sex-ed apparently.

This shouldn’t be funny. He knew it shouldn’t be funny...

“Will!” He’d earned Hannibal’s stern look and even more stern tone.

“Well, I’m sure Papa never complains!” Abigail threw back with that poorly directed teenage indignation, clearly there was no saving her from the hole she was digging.

“Abigail!” Hannibal turned on her. Will wasn’t sure when he last seen him look so flustered.

Will couldn’t help but laugh. Abigail had tears in her eyes and Will was sure she was about to throw a tantrum and storm off but Hannibal beat her to it, stalking out of the ER with a surly “I will be in the car when you are both quite ready!”

Will was in near hysterics as he pulled Abigail to him and gave her a noogie. “You are one screwed up kid, and I can only apologise for my part in it… but to be honest, I blame your mothers.”

She blanched, perhaps realisation was finally dawning that she had not handled this well. “You won’t tell them what I said will you?”. In truth Margot would laugh, but yeah Alana was likely to ground her for a month. Or eternity. Whatever.

He linked arms with her and walked her out the door and towards the car where Hannibal was no doubt sulking. “That depends… You gonna finally clean your room like you’ve been asked?”

Abigail huffed and sulkily replied “that’s blackmail.”

Will grinned. “I learned from the best.”

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